

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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## SELF-KILLING.\*

OUR ancestors, with all their disadvantages, were most enviably at leisure. From the highest to the humblest rank, they took their ease. Their spare time was in too many cases ill-spent; they gambled, tipped, and indulged in innumerable mischievous sports. But, irrational as they were, and severely as their habits sometimes told upon their constitutions, it is very doubtful if they suffered so much from these causes as their successors do from the consequences of more virtuous, but over-tasking labour. To maintain what each man conceives to be a creditable existence, now requires such close and vigorous exertions, that more, we verily believe, perish in the performance of duties in themselves laudable, than formerly sank under fox-hunting, toasting, and the gout. The desk is now what the table was before; and, instead of exercises pursued at the risk of our necks, we are now in danger from taking no exercise at all.

It is in large cities that this kind of unintentional self-destruction is most prominently exemplified. The inhabitant of the country, living in a manner more refined, but almost equally leisurely with our ancestors, can form no idea of the oppressive labours of a great portion of the people of the second-rate city in his neighbourhood, especially those in the higher professional and mercantile walks; nor can the inhabitant of such a city, over-laboured as he may think himself, conceive the infinitely more burdensome duties of the corresponding classes in the metropolis. The English, as a nation, are characterised by a fanatical devotion to business. They are in this respect only faintly imitated by the Scotch, who, tinged as they now are by English peculiarities, still leave a little of themselves vacant for the cultivation of something beyond the narrow scope of their habitual duties. And it is in London, above all other places, that this frenzy is to be observed in its most glaring forms. I have often thought that it might be worth while to make observations upon a certain number of London citizens of various classes, and endeavour to ascertain if there was any thing in their existence, besides business, for which it was worth while to carry on that business, or to live at all. In cases numberless, it would be found that, from eight in the morning till ten or even eleven at night, trade was practised and attended to in dull and unhealthy situations, without any but the shortest intervals of relaxation, during which a meal was hastily swallowed at a neighbouring place of public entertainment; the night being spent at a home in the outskirts of the city, where the father of the family is never present during an hour of daylight, except on Sunday, which he spends in reading a weekly newspaper, making up acquaintance with his children, and taking a walk to dip Shock in the Paddington Canal. I should like the inquiry to be made upon proper grounds, if there be sufficient enjoyment in a life of this kind, to make it worth while for an individual to devote nearly two-thirds of his whole time to a labour which, after all, may be unattended with the expected remuneration. To spend nine hours at a time in business, without food or relaxation, is not only not uncommon, but an almost universal practice, among the citizens of London: from a breakfast at eight to a chop at five, they are never, to use an expressive phrase, *off the stretch*. Upon a stomach enfeebled by exhaustion, they then lay the load of a full meal, which perfect leisure would hardly enable them to digest. But, far from waiting

to digest it, they have no sooner laid down knife and fork, than away they must once more rush to business—not perhaps willingly, for nature tells them that it would be agreeable to rest; but then—but then business *must* be attended to. If nature were to punish the daily transgression by the nightly suffering, we should find few who, for the sake of pecuniary gain, would thus expose themselves to misery. But unfortunately she runs long accounts with her children, and, like a cheating attorney, seldom renders her bill till the whole subject of litigation has been eaten up. Paralysis at fifty comes like the mesne process upon the victim of commercial enthusiasm,\* and either hurries him off to that prison from which there is no liberation, or leaves him for a few years organically alive to enjoy the fruits of his labours. A life thus spent is a mere fragment of what it ought to be. The means of obtaining pleasure have swallowed up the end. The glorious face of nature, with all its sublime and beautiful alternations; the delights of social life; the pleasures arising from the exercise of the finer feelings, and the cultivation of the intellect; all that higher class of gratifications which nature has designed a moderate labour to place within the reach of *all* her creatures, have been lost to such a man. But perhaps there is no class which presents such marked instances of self-sacrifice as that of the barristers. Several of the more highly reputed of this profession are not only overwhelmed with lucrative business, but also endeavour to serve their country in Parliament; rising for this purpose long before the break of day, spending many hours in study and in pleading, and after all, perhaps, concluding twenty-four hours of unceasing exertion in the House of Commons. They no doubt realise great sums of money, and have much enjoyment in gratified ambition; but are those advantages so great, and so exclusively desirable, as to be fit to reconcile a rational being to so unnatural and so pernicious a mode of life? It was lately related of a first-rate counsel, that he obtained an income of fifteen thousand pounds, but was every night so completely exhausted by his labours, that, for several hours after their cessation, he could not be addressed or approached without experiencing the most acute nervous distress. I must own that such an individual seems to me simply an object of pity. I am concerned to think that a man possessing the talent and information requisite for the production of such an income, should be deficient in so elementary, or what ought to be so elementary, a piece of knowledge, as that his course of life is contrary to the ordinances of nature, or, if he possess this knowledge, that he should have so little self-command as not to act upon it.

The absurdity of an ignorance or weakness of this kind is perhaps still more striking, when it occurs in individuals who make the acquisition of knowledge the chief aim of life. As the world is at present situated, it is possible to acquire learning upon almost every subject, and an infinite amount of knowledge, useful and otherwise, without even by chance lighting upon a knowledge of the most indispensable observances necessary for the preservation of a sound mind in a sound body. Half of the multifarious languages of Asia may be mastered, while the prodigy who boasts so much learning knows not that to sit a whole day within doors at close study is detrimental to health; or, if he knows so much, deliberately prefers the course which leads to ruin. Leyden, an enthusiast of this order, was ill with a fever and liver complaint at Mysore,

and yet continued to study ten hours a-day. His physician warned him of the dangerous consequences that were likely to ensue, when he answered, "Very well, doctor, you have done your duty, but I *cannot be idle*: whether I am to die or live, the wheel must go round to the last." "I may perish in the attempt," he said on another occasion; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer." And he eventually sank, in his thirty-sixth year, under the consequences of spending some time in an ill-ventilated library, which a slight acquaintance with one of the most familiar of the sciences would have warned him against entering. Alexander Nicoll, a recent professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who was said to be able to walk to the wall of China without the aid of an interpreter, died at the same age, partly through the effects of that intense study which so effectually but so uselessly had gained him distinction. Dr Alexander Murray, a similar prodigy, died in his thirty-eighth year, of over-severe study: making the third of a set of men remarkable for the same wonderful attainments, and natives of the same country, who, within a space of twenty years, fell victims to their deficiency in a piece of knowledge which any well-cultivated mind may acquire in a day. In 1807, Sir Humphry Davy prosecuted his inquiry into the alkaline metals with such inordinate eagerness, that, through excitement and fatigue, he contracted a dangerous fever, which he, in ignorance of the human physiology, ascribed to contagion caught in experimenting on the fumigation of hospitals. His physician was at no loss to trace it to his habits of study, which were such as would have soon worn out a frame much more robust. Davy at this time spent all the earlier part of the day in his laboratory, surrounded by persons of every rank, whose admiration of his experiments added to his excitement. Individuals of the highest distinction "contended for the honour of his company to dinner, and he did not possess sufficient resolution to resist the gratification thus afforded, though it generally happened that his pursuits in the laboratory were not suspended until the appointed dinner hour had passed. On his return in the evening, he resumed his chemical labours, and commonly continued them till three or four in the morning, and yet the servants of the establishment not unfrequently found that he had risen before them."\* Over-tasked nature at length yielded under his exertions, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was restored to health. Excessive application is known to have in like manner thrown Boerhaave into a species of delirium for six weeks, and to have on one occasion given a severe shock to the health of Newton. It unquestionably cut short the days of Sir Walter Scott, and also of the celebrated Weber, whose mournful exclamation in the midst of his numerous engagements can never be forgotten—"Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" The premature extinction of early prodigies of genius is generally traceable to the same cause. We read that, while all other children played, they remained at home to study, and then we learn that they perished in the bud, and baulked the hopes of all their admiring friends. The ignorant wonder is of course always the greater, when life is broken short in the midst of honourable undertakings. We wonder at the inscrutable decrees which permit the idle and the dissolute to live, and remove the ardent benefactor of his kind, the hope of parents, the virtuous and the self-devoted; never reflecting that the highest moral and

\* It need scarcely be pointed out that the present article has a connection in subject with that entitled "Use and Have," which lately appeared in the Journal.

\* Of the frequent occurrence of premature paralysis, in consequence of the mode of life above described, we are assured by a metropolitan physician of the greatest eminence.

\* Paris's Life of Sir Humphry Davy, p. 123.

Intellectual qualities avail nothing in repairing or warding off a decided injury to the physical system, which is regulated by an entirely distinct code of laws. The conduct of the Portuguese sailors in a storm, when, instead of working the vessel properly, they employ themselves in paying vows to their saints, is just as rational as most of the notions which prevail on this subject, in the most enlightened circles of British society.

When Sir Philip Sydney was at Frankfort, he was advised by the celebrated printer Languet, in the midst of his studies not to neglect his health, "lest he should resemble a traveller who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse." The body may indeed be well likened to a horse and the mind to its rider, for the one is the vehicle of the other; and whatever be the object of the journey, whether to perform the most generous actions, or engage in the most patriotic enterprises, the animal will sink under excessive labour or inadequate nutrition; there being only this important difference, that with the horse the rider sinks also, as their existence cannot be separated without death. Suppose we were setting out with one horse upon a journey of five hundred miles, which we were informed could not be rightly performed in less than ten days; and suppose that, instead of allowing ourselves that time, we were to endeavour to accomplish the distance in five, by riding a hundred miles a-day. Perhaps the horse might ride the first hundred miles within the first day, but be totally unable to move more than ten or twenty for other six, and be seriously injured after all. Such an act of imprudence would strike every mind as most discreditable to the traveller; and yet we daily see men compelling the subject body to undergo tasks relatively as severe, and attended with equally fatal effects, without tracing the error to its source, or visiting the guilty individual with reprobation. The general ignorance of the laws of our organisation at once induces the self-murder, and protects the suicide from the appropriate verdict.

It ought to be universally made known, by means of education—and for this purpose the best-informed amongst us would require to go back to school—that the uses of our intellectual nature are not to be properly realised without a just regard to the laws of that perishable frame with which it is connected; that, in cultivating the mind, we must neither overtask nor undertake the body, neither push it to too great a speed, nor leave it neglected; and that, notwithstanding this intimate connection and mutual dependence, the highest merits on the part of the mind will not compensate for muscles mistreated, or sooth a nervous system which severe study has tortured into insanity. To come to detail, it ought to be impressed on all, that to spend more than a moderate number of hours in mental exercise diminishes insensibly the powers of future application, and tends to abbreviate life; that no mental exercise should be attempted immediately after meals, as the processes of thought and of digestion cannot be safely prosecuted together; and that, without a due share of exercise to the whole of the mental faculties, there can be no soundness in any, while the whole corporeal system will give way beneath a severe pressure upon any one in particular. These are truths completely established with physiologists, and upon which it is undeniable that a great portion of human happiness depends.

It may be objected, that the mere diffusion of knowledge will avail little in checking excessive application to business and study, so long as the inducements to that excessive application press with more immediate force on the generality of men than the dread of any threatened result. The slave of business feels himself, as he thinks, compelled thus to overdraw his bank account with nature, in order to maintain his position in the commercial world or in society; and the intellectual slave, perhaps, in addition to similar inducements, enjoys in his midnight studies so much real pleasure, that he could hardly be brought to prefer a longer life under other circumstances. But foresight is one of the grand characteristics of man, as a means of protecting himself from misery and securing his happiness; and he must be little of a proficient either in trade or philosophy, who would deliberately prefer present pleasure, or avoid present annoyance, as one, to the enjoyment of future good, and the avoidance of future evil, as two. No man is compelled to maintain himself in any particular place in society: stand where he please, an individual will always find equally worthy men both above and beneath him; and

if he can fulfil the purposes of a rational being, and secure more of aggregate happiness in a place somewhat beneath that which circumstances have induced him to think appropriate to his merit, he will only be acting like a rational being if he contents himself with it. The grand error is in supposing that we must live thus, that we must bear such appearances, that we must attract this degree of respect and admiration from those around us; there is nothing but a miserable vanity at the bottom of all these self-sacrifices, ultimate and real advantages being forfeited, and even life itself thrown away, for the sake of a little immediate glorification. Not much better is the motive of those who, like Leyden, tell their physicians that, at whatever hazard, they must attain a certain degree of eminence in letters or science. Such declarations can only be traced to the desire of making themselves objects of wonder, for the world, whatever may have been its indifference and hostility to its greatest benefactors, was never so unreasonable as to ask that any individual should sacrifice himself for its sake. In neither case, in short, is there any compulsion, beyond the impulse of an ill-regulated will.

Let us hope, then, that, amidst the improvements of the ensuing age, will be that most important one, an exposition, before every human being in the course of his education, of the laws which govern his constitution, so mysteriously composed of the mental and the material, and the inculcation of better views than what at present obtain respecting the ends of his present existence; so that he may learn to avoid the great error of the passing age, an exclusive devotion to objects only calculated to gratify the middle and lower orders of our faculties, and which, prosecuted with a solicitude ruinous alike to the body and the mind, tend grievously to curtail that happiness which, to whatever deductions it may be occasionally liable, has been designed to be enjoyed by all the tenants of this sub-lunary sphere.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SPONGE.

[From Dr Roget's Bridgewater Treatise.]

AMONG zoophytes, the lowest station in the scale of organisation is occupied by the tribes of *porifera*, the name given by Dr Grant to the animals which form the various species of sponge, and which are met with in such multitudes on every rocky coast of the ocean, from the shores of Greenland to those of Australia. Sponges grow to a larger size within the tropics, and are found to be more diminutive, and of a firmer texture, as we approach the polar circles. Dr Grant observes, that they are met with equally in places covered perpetually by the sea, as in those which are left dry at every recess of the tide. They adhere to and spread over the surface of rocks and marine animals, to which they are so firmly attached, that they cannot be removed without lacerating and injuring their bodies. "Although they thrive best," he farther remarks, "in the sheltered cavities of rocks, they come to maturity in situations exposed to the unbroken fury of the surge. They cover the nakedness of cliffs and boulders; they line with a variegated and downy fleece the walls of submarine caves, or hang in living stalactites from the roof."

In their general appearance they resemble many kinds of plants, but in their internal organisation they differ entirely from every vegetable production; being composed of a soft flesh, intermixed with a tissue of fibres, some of which are solid, others tubular; and the whole being interwoven together into a curious and complicated network. The substance of which this solid portion, or basis, is formed, is composed partly of horn, and partly of siliceous or calcareous matter. It has been termed the *axis* of the zoophyte; and as it supports the softer substance of the animal, it may be regarded as performing the office of a skeleton, giving form and protection to the entire fabric.

The material of which the fleshy portion is composed is of so tender and gelatinous a nature, that the slightest pressure is sufficient to tear it asunder, and allow the fluid parts to escape; and the whole soon melts away into a thin oily liquid. When examined with the microscope, the soft flesh is seen to contain a great number of minute grains, disseminated through a transparent jelly. Every part of the surface of a living sponge presents to the eye two kinds of orifices; the larger having a rounded shape, and generally raised margins, which form projected papillæ; the smaller being much more numerous, and exceedingly minute, and constituting what are termed the *pores* of the sponge.

It has for a long time been the received opinion among naturalists that this superficial layer of gelatinous substance was endowed with a considerable power of contractility: it was generally believed that it shrank from the touch, and that visible tremulous motions could be excited in it by punctures with sharp instruments, or other modes of irritation. It is extraordinary that errors like these should have crept into the writings of modern zoologists of the highest authority, such as Lamarck, Bruguière, Gmelin,

Bosc, and Lamouroux. The elaborate and accurate researches of Dr Grant on these subjects have at length dispelled the prevailing illusion, and have clearly proved that the sponge does not possess, in any sensible degree, that power of contraction which had for so many ages been ascribed to it.

Dr Grant has also shown the true nature of the currents of fluid issuing at different points from the surface of these animals, as well as the absence of all visible movements in the orifices which give exit to the fluid. Never did he find, in his experiments, the slightest appearance of contraction produced in any part of the sponge, by puncturing, lacerating, burning, or otherwise injuring its texture, or by the application of corrosive chemical agents. Of his discovery of the fluid currents, he gives the following interesting account:—"I put a small branch of the *Spongia costata*, with some sea-water, into a watchglass, under the microscope, and on reflecting the light of a candle through the fluid, I soon perceived that there was some intestine motion in the opaque particles floating through the water. On moving the watch-glass, so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of this living fountain, vomiting forth, from a circular cavity, an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along, in rapid succession, opaque masses, which it strewed every where around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish, in the slightest degree, the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice, at short intervals, for five hours, sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time, but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity." About the end of this time, however, the current became languid, and, in the course of another hour, it ceased entirely. Similar currents were afterwards observed by Dr Grant in a great variety of species. They take place only from those parts that are under water, and immediately cease when the same parts are uncovered, or when the animal dies.

It thus appears that the round apertures in the surface of a living sponge are destined for the discharge of a constant stream of water from the interior of the body; carrying away particles, which separate from the sides of the canals, and which are not only seen, under the microscope, constantly issuing from these orifices, but may even be perceived by the naked eye, propelled occasionally in larger masses.

For the supply of these constant streams, it is evident that a large quantity of water must be continually received into the body of the sponge. It is by the myriads of minute pores, which exist in every part of the surface, that this water enters, conveying with it the materials necessary for the subsistence of the animal. These pores conduct the fluid into the interior, where, after percolating through the numerous channels of communication which pervade the substance of the body, it is collected into wider passages, terminating in the fecal orifices above described, and is finally discharged. The mechanism by which these currents are produced is involved in much obscurity. There can be no doubt that they are occasioned by some internal movements; and the analogy of other zoophytes would lead us to ascribe them to the action of fibrils, or *cilia*, as they are termed, projecting from the sides of the canals through which the streams pass; but these cilia have hitherto eluded observation, even with the highest powers of the microscope.

The organisation of sponges is as regular and determinate as that of any other animal structure, and presents as systematic an arrangement of parts. In some species, such as the common sponge, the basis is horny and elastic, and composed of cylindric tubes, which open into each other, and thus form continuous canals throughout the whole mass.

Others have a kind of skeleton, composed of a tissue of needle-shaped crystals of carbonate of lime, or of siliceous. These hard and sharp-pointed fibres, or *spicula*, are disposed around the internal canals of the sponge, in the order best calculated to defend them from compression, and from the entrance of foreign bodies; but their forms, although constant in each species, admit of considerable diversity in the different kinds of sponge.

Although sponges, in common with the greater number of zoophytes, are permanently attached to rocks, and other solid bodies in the ocean, and are consequently destined to an existence as completely stationary as that of plants, yet such is not the condition of the earlier and more transitory stages of their development. Nature, ever solicitous to provide for the multiplication of each race of beings, and for their dissemination over the habitable globe, has always provided effectual means for the accomplishment of these important ends. The seeds of plants are either scattered in the immediate neighbourhood of the parent, and take root in the adjacent soil, or are carried to more distant situations by the wind or other agents. In the animal kingdom, the young offspring of those races which are endowed with a wide range of activity, are reared on the spot where they were produced, either by the fostering care of the parent, or by means of the nourishment with which they are surrounded in the egg, and there re-



main until the period when, by the acquisition or extension of locomotive powers, they are enabled in their turn to go in quest of food. But in the tribes of animals at present under our consideration, this order is reversed. It is the parent that is chained to the same spot from an early period of its growth, and it is on the young that the active powers of locomotion have been conferred, apparently for the sole purpose of seeking for itself a proper habitation at some distance from the place of its birth; and when once it has made this selection, it there fixes itself unalterably for the remaining term of its existence.

The parts of the *Spongia panacea*, which are naturally transparent, contain at certain seasons a multitude of opaque yellow spots, visible to the naked eye, and which, when examined by means of a microscope, are found to consist of groups of ova, or more properly gemmules, since we cannot discover that they are furnished with any envelope. In the course of a few months, these gemmules enlarge in size, each assuming an oval or pear-like shape, and are then seen projecting from the sides of the internal canals of the parent, to which they adhere by their narrow extremities. In process of time, they become detached, one after the other, and are swept along by the currents of fluid, which are rapidly passing out of the larger orifices. When thus set at liberty, they do not sink by their gravity to the bottom of the water, as would have happened had they been devoid of life; but they continue to swim, by their own spontaneous motions, for two or three days after their separation from the parent. In their progression through the fluid, they are observed always to carry their rounded broad extremity forwards. On examining this part with the microscope, we find that it is covered with short filaments, or cilia, which are in constant and rapid vibration. These cilia are spread over about two-thirds of the surface of the body, leaving the narrower portion, which has a whiter and more pellucid appearance, uncovered. They are very minute transparent filaments, broadest at their base, and tapering to invisible points at their extremities; they strike the water by a rapid succession of inflexions, apparently made without any regular order, but conspiring to give an impulse in a particular direction. When the body is attached by its tail, or narrow end, to some fixed object, the motion of the cilia on the fore part of the body determines a current of fluid to pass in a direction backwards, or towards the tail; but when they are floating in the water, the same action propels them forwards in the opposite direction, that is, with the broad ciliated extremity foremost. They thus advance, without appearing to have any definite object, by a slow gliding motion, totally unlike the zig-zag course of animalcules in search of prey. Yet they appear to have a consciousness of impressions made on them; for on striking against each other, or meeting any obstacle, they retard a little the motion of their cilia, wheel for a few seconds round the spot, and then, renewing the vibrations, proceed in their former course.

In about two or three days after these gemmules have quitted the body of the parent, they are observed to fix themselves on the sides or bottom of the vessel in which they are contained; and some of them are found spread out, like a thin circular membrane, on the surface of the water. In the former case, they adhere firmly by their narrow extremity, which is seen gradually to expand itself laterally, so as to form a broad base of attachment. While this is going on, the cilia are still kept in rapid motion on the upper part, scattering the opaque particles which may happen to be in the fluid to a certain distance around. But these motions soon become languid, and in the course of a few hours cease; and the cilia being no longer wanted, disappear. The gemmule then presents the appearance of a flattened disk, containing granules, like the flesh of the parent sponge, and also several spicula interspersed through the central part. In less than twenty-four hours, a transparent colourless margin has extended round the whole gemmule, and continues to surround it during its future growth. The spicula, which were at first small, confined to the central part, and not exceeding twenty in number, now become much larger and more numerous; and some of them shoot into the thin homogeneous margin. It is a remarkable circumstance that the spicula make their appearance completely formed, as if by a sudden act of crystallization, and never afterwards increase their dimensions.

When two gemmules, in the course of their spreading on the surface of a watchglass, come into contact with each other, their clear margins unite without the least interruption; they thicken and produce spicula: in a few days we can detect no line of distinction between them, and they continue to grow as one animal. The same thing happens, according to the observation of Cavolini, to adult sponges, which, on coming into mutual contact, grow together, and form an inseparable union. In this species of animal grafting we again find an analogy between the constitution of zoophytes and that of plants.

In the course of a few weeks, the spicula are assembled in groups, similar to those of the parent sponge, assuming circular arrangements, and presenting distinct openings at the points they enclose. The young animal now rapidly spreads and enlarges in every direction, becoming more convex, and at the same time more opaque, and more compact in its texture; and before it has attained the tenth of an inch

in diameter, it presents, through the microscope, a miniature representation of its parent.

Thus has a power of spontaneous motion been given to what may be regarded as the embryo condition of animals, which are afterwards so remarkable for their inertness, and for the privation of all active powers: and this has been conferred evidently for the purpose of their being widely disseminated over the globe. Had not this apparatus of moving cilia been provided to the gemmules of such species as hang vertically from the roofs of caves, they would have sunk to the bottom of the water, and been crushed or buried among the moving sand, instead of supporting themselves while carried to a distance by the waves and tides of the ocean. Many species which abound in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean have in this way been gradually transported, by the gulf stream, from the shores of the East to corresponding latitudes of the New World.

### THE THREE ADVICES.

AN IRISH MORAL TALE.\*

[By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A.]

THE stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and "good people," the saints and fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional story-teller, whose diction I have endeavoured to preserve, although his *soubriquet* of "Paddreen Trelagh," or Paddy the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales, as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic "Triad of Wisdom."

There once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants; he was to have twelve guineas a-year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behaviour, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, sir," said John; "you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honour would never wish to keep me from them entirely.—The wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice—will you take what I offer, on my word?"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer: and, therefore, after slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take as his wages whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First—I would teach you this:—Never to take a byword when you have the highway."

"Secondly.—Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman."

"And thirdly.—Remember that honesty is the best policy."

"There are the Three Advices I would pay you with; and they are in value far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was however so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this; but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him at the same time a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. "He is the landlord," said the servant; "and, heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife."

"What!" said John, with surprise, "is that young woman the landlord's wife! I see I must not remain in this house to-night;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars if possible, and so returned in order to attend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar; and the young woman and the man, whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away. But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin, he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away, they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population: and when a single potato was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and informed him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick, my boy, find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the halfpenny have I to buy my poor childer a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John; "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelvemonth's wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress

\* From Friendship's Offering, 1828.

and famine, to say otherwise: but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightways she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master, that my little boy picked up by the roadside; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant. "Ay, it's all right—I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more! He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin-door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honour had got the purse he lost.

"Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, "I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

"Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honour last night after taking it from Nance—she's my wife, your honour—and telling her it was all right?"

"Oh, I must look into this business," said the squire.

"Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?"

"I can't tell his name rightly," said John, "because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eyes again if she can't point him out to your honour, if so your honour is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed, "Oh, go!—go—what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out crying—"There," said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in merry England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. "No," said he firmly, "right is right, and I'll see the end of it." So he sat himself down on the step of the door, determined not to go until he saw the young squire; and, as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you some time, John," said he; "come in and bring your wife in;" and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire, without making further words, "which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?"—but there was no answer. "Well, I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; "there he is," said she, "if all the world were to the fore—clergyman, magistrate, judge, jury, and all—there he is, and I'm ready to take my bible-oath to him—there he is who told me it was all right when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said his master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you; go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month, John Carson was settled in a nice new-stated house, which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages, and the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a small farm, where he lived respected all his days. On his deathbed, he gave

his children the very Three Advices which his master had given him on parting:—

Never to take a byroad when they could follow the highway.

Never to lodge in the house where an old man was married to a young woman.

And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

THE subject of this short memoir claims our respect as a very remarkable example of genius, accompanied by the most valuable attributes of character, rising from the humblest walk in life, and finally attaining distinction and fortune, without exciting either envy in those who were left behind, or jealousy in those who were rivalled. He was born, in 1703, at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, and received only such a limited education as his parents, who were in very poor circumstances, could afford. He commenced life as footman to the Honourable Mrs Lowther, and, by his good conduct in that capacity, was as successful in obtaining the esteem of those around him, as he ever was afterwards, when he had moved into more important positions in society. Having employed his leisure time in cultivating his intellect, he began at an early age to write verses, which, being shown to his superiors, were deemed so creditable to his abilities, that he was encouraged to publish them in a volume, under the title of *The Muse in Livery*. This publication was dedicated to his mistress, and came forth under the patronage of a highly respectable list of subscribers. Such productions being then more rare than they have since become, it was regarded as a kind of wonder. Dodsley afterwards entered the service of Mr Dartineuf, a noted voluptuary, and one of the intimate friends of Pope; and having written a dramatic piece called *The Toyshop* (founded upon a play of the preceding century), it was shown by his new master to that distinguished poet, who was so well pleased with it, that he took the author under his protection, and made interest for the appearance of the play upon the stage.

*The Toyshop* was acted at Covent Garden in 1735, and met with the highest success. In a malignant epistle addressed about that time by Curll the bookseller to Pope, it is insinuated that this was owing to patronage alone. But nothing can seem more improbable than that Pope and his friends should be deceived as to the merit of this piece, or that they should interest themselves about a production glaringly destitute of merit. In reality, *The Toyshop* is a very clever adaptation from *The Muse's Looking Glass* of Randolph, full of effective yet delicate satire, and supported by characters in the highest degree natural, and strikingly appropriate to the purpose of the piece.

The profits arising from this play, and the distinction which it obtained for the author, were such as would have induced many men in the circumstances of Dodsley to venture upon the precarious, but in many respects tempting life of a "town-writer," or author by profession. With the sober and modest author of *The Toyshop* different considerations prevailed. Having resolved to enter upon some regular trade, he chose that of a bookseller, as the most appropriate to his taste, and that in which he might expect to turn the favour of his friends to the best account; and accordingly he opened a shop of that kind in Pall Mall. In this new situation, comparatively difficult as it may be supposed to have been, the same prudence and worth which had gained him esteem in his former condition, were not less strikingly exemplified. He was able to secure for himself and his establishment the countenance of many of the first literary persons of the day, including Pope, Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Shenstone, Johnson, and Glover, and also of many persons of rank who possessed a taste for letters; and thus, in the course of a few years, he became one of the principal persons of his trade in the metropolis. Proceeding at the same time in his career as an author, he wrote a farce entitled *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, founded on an old ballad of that name, and referring to scenes with which he had been familiar in early life. This was produced at Drury Lane in 1737, and was so highly successful, that he was induced to write a less fortunate sequel, under the title of *Sir John Cockle at Court*. The former continues to be occasionally represented. His next dramatic performance was a farce, founded on a ballad, entitled *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, which was not attended with much success. His only other composition of this kind was *Rex et Pontifex*, which he designed as a novelty in pantomime, but which was never produced on the stage. The general character of his comic plays was pleasing; they had not what would now be called much strength, but they excelled the most of the contemporary productions of their class in morality.

From an early period of life, Dodsley would seem to have had a taste for the almost forgotten drama of the reigns of Elizabeth and the two first Stuarts; a vast mine of poetical wealth, which the fastidious de-

licacy of later times had condemned to obscurity, on account of some peculiarities in a great measure external. In the present age, which is honourably distinguished by a revived relish of the beauties of the Elizabethan literature, the effort made by the subject of our memoir to resuscitate a portion of it, will meet with due appreciation. Animated by a spirit of adventure, uncommon in his own time, he published, in 1744, a *Collection of Plays by Old Authors*, in twelve volumes duodecimo, prefaced by a history of the stage, and illustrated by biographical and critical notes; the whole being dedicated to Sir C. C. Dormer, to whom Mr Dodsley acknowledges great obligations for the use of materials. The work was reprinted in 1780, by Mr Isaac Reed, and once more, in 1825, on each occasion with some important improvements and necessary additions; but no one was more sensible, or could have more generously expressed his sense of the value of Mr Dodsley's labours, than the erudite antiquary just named. Another of the more valuable works projected by Dodsley was *The Preceptor*, first published in 1749, and designed to embrace what was then thought a complete course of education. It contained treatises on reading, elocution, and composition; on arithmetic, geometry, and architecture; on geography and astronomy; on chronology and history; on rhetoric and poetry; on drawing; on logic; on natural history; on ethics, or morality; on trade and commerce; on laws and government; and on human life and manners; each being the composition of some person eminent in the branch of knowledge to which it referred. *Dodsley's Preceptor* attained a high popularity, and in the course of a few years went through numerous editions. We shall here advert to a few of the other works originated by him, or in which he acted as editor. A *Collection of Poems by Eminent Hands*, in six volumes, was commenced in 1752, and presented for the first time to the world a considerable number of the most admired poetical compositions of the age. In 1758, he commenced the publication of an *Annual Register*, which was the first work of that kind that appeared in England. Several of the earlier volumes were compiled by Burke, and the work has ever since been conducted with remarkable judgment, as well as success, notwithstanding the appearance of more than one rival. His *Select Fables of Esop and other Fabulists* appeared in 1760, and was at once pronounced a work of classical elegance. The first book contained ancient, the second modern, and the third original fables, the last being chiefly the composition of the editor. A preliminary essay, also by him, was allowed to possess merit as a piece of criticism, being only challenged for one remark—namely, that the fox should not have been described in the fable as longing for grapes, because the appetite is not consistent with the known character of the animal. Mr Dodsley was not aware that foxes in the east are characterised by a ravenous fondness for grapes, inasmuch that the vines in Palestine, according to Dr Hasselquist, are often seriously injured by them. Solomon also says, in his Song ii. 15, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

The original works written by Dodsley during the same period were not numerous. In 1748, he produced a loyal masque on the occasion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and, two years afterwards, a small prose work, entitled *The Economy of Human Life*, in which the social duties are treated in a style intended to resemble that of the Scriptures and other Oriental writings. Though the literary and philosophical merits of the latter work are not great, it attained great popularity, and became extensively useful among young persons, for whose instruction it was more particularly designed. Like other successful books, it was followed by numerous slavish imitations, such as the *Economy of Female Life*, the *Economy of a Winter Day*, the *Second Part of the Economy of Human Life*, the *Economy of the Mind*, and many other *Economies*. One book of a poem on *Public Virtue*, and an ode entitled *Melpomene*, next exercised his pen; and in 1758 he ventured to rise to tragedy, and composed *Cleone*, the fable of which he derived from a French fiction. Though Garrick expressed a mean opinion of the play, and it was consequently taken to Covent Garden, it long drew full audiences, which was in part attributed to Mrs Bellamy's acting of the heroine. An attempt by Mrs Siddons to revive it did not succeed, owing, it is said, to the excess of pathos which it acquired from her unequalled performance in scenes of maternal distress. Dr Johnson admired *Cleone* so much as to say, that, if Otway had written it, no other of his pieces would have been remembered; which being reported to the author, he modestly said, "it was too much." A less prepossessed critic allows it to be considerably inferior to the plays of Otway and Southern, but to be equal to any of the tragedies of the latter half of the eighteenth century, excepting Home's *Douglas*.

A long and prosperous professional career enabled Mr Dodsley to retire from business, some years before his death, with a large fortune, which, however, made no alteration upon his modest and amiable character. His humble origin was neither a matter which he was anxious to conceal, nor a subject of vulgar boasting. He did not forget it, nor did he allow it to affect his deportment in a manner that could be disagreeable to others. Johnson mentions, that, on Dartineuf the epicure being introduced into Lord Lyttleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*, and the conversation turning one day upon that subject, Dodsley re-



marked, "I knew him well, for I was once his footman;" an expression which seems to us to denote the most perfect exemption from the vice of affectation. Mindful, says one of his biographers, "of the early encouragement which his own talents met with, he was ever ready to give the same opportunity of advancement to those of others; and on many occasions he not only acted as publisher, but as patron, to men of genius. There was no circumstance by which he was more distinguished than by the grateful remembrance which he retained and always expressed towards the memory of those to whom he owed the obligation of being first taken notice of in life. Modest, sensible, and humane, he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth to satisfy every wish which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, and acquired the esteem and affection of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greater part of his life in an intimacy with men of the brightest abilities, whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his writings."

Mr Dodsley died of gout, at the house of his friend Mr Spence, at Durham, September 5, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age, and was interred in the Abbey church-yard, where a handsome monument was erected to him. His miscellaneous poetry is usually printed in the collective editions of the British Poets, and his Fables and Economy of Human Life still continue to enjoy their early popularity. It is not, however, for his distinction in literature that he is here noticed, but for those amiable and respectable qualities of personal character which distinguished him alike in an humble and an elevated condition, and were mainly, we are inclined to believe, the causes of his rising from the one to the other. He will ever be esteemed as a remarkable example of genius springing up and advancing to usefulness amidst unfavourable circumstances, and of worth which in all circumstances was alike conspicuous and alike recognised. Nor is he perhaps less remarkable as an example of the union of genius and worth. In too many cases the former quality is found in connection with properties which disable and degrade it, but in Dodsley it consisted with the finest affections, the purest morality, and the most laudable prudence. Finally, his life is valuable as proving that the original rank of no man in this enlightened land, however humble, is calculated to affect him permanently in the consideration of those who have had opportunities of judging of his personal merit.

#### SCENES AND ADVENTURES AT SEA.

##### CRUISE OF THE SALDANHA AND TALBOT.

THE following attempt to describe a scene which it has seldom been the lot of man both to witness and to survive, will possess a melancholy interest from the associations with which it is connected. We will only premise, by assuring the reader that the narrative is perfectly authentic, and was penned in a communication to a friend in Edinburgh, in almost the very words here set down. Some of our readers, perhaps, may remember of an extract from it appearing in the Edinburgh newspapers of the time, being inserted for the purpose of allaying the fears of friends and relatives in that quarter, for the safety of those whom common report had, not irrationally, consigned to a watery grave:—

Lochswilly, Dec. 10, 1811, H. M. S. Talbot.

At mid-day of Saturday the 30th ultimo, with a fair wind and a smooth sea, we weighed from our station here, in company with the Saldanha frigate of thirty-eight guns (Captain Pakenham, with a crew of three hundred men), on a cruise, as was intended, of twenty days—the Saldanha taking a westerly course, while we stood in the opposite direction. We had scarcely got out of the loch and cleared the heads, however, when we plunged at once into all the miseries of a gale of wind blowing from the west. During the three following days it continued to increase in violence, when the islands of Coll and Tiree\* became visible to us. As the wind had now chopped round more to the north, and continued unabated in violence, the danger of getting involved among the numerous small islands and rugged headlands on the north-west coast of Inverness-shire, became evident. It was therefore deemed expedient to wear the ship round, and make a port with all expedition. With this view, and favoured by the wind, a course was shaped for Lochswilly, and away we scudded under close-reefed foresail and main-topsail, followed by a tremendous sea, which threatened every moment to overwhelm us, and accompanied by piercing showers of hail, and a gale which blew with incredible fury. The same course was steered until next day about noon, when land was seen on the lee-bow. The weather being thick, some time elapsed before it could be distinctly made out, and it was then ascertained to be the island of North Arran, on the coast of Donegal, westward of Lochswilly. The ship was therefore hauled up some points, and we yet

entertained hopes of reaching an anchorage before nightfall, when the weather gradually thickened, and the sea, now that we were upon a wind, broke over us in all directions. Its violence was such, that in a few minutes several of our ports were stove in, at which the water poured in in great abundance, until it was actually breast high on the lee-side of the main deck. Fortunately, but little got below, and the ship was relieved by taking in the foresail. But a dreadful addition was now made to the precariousness of our situation, by the cry of "land ahead!" which was seen from the fore-castle, and must have been very near. Not a moment was now lost in wearing the ship round on the other tack, and making what little sail could be carried, to weather the land we had already passed. This soon proved, however, to be a forlorn prospect, for it was found we should run our distance by ten o'clock. All the horrors of shipwreck now stared us in the face, aggravated tenfold by the extreme darkness of the night, and the tremendous force of the wind, which now blew a hurricane. Mountains are insignificant when speaking of the sea that kept pace with it; its violence was awful beyond description, and it frequently broke over all the poor little ship, that shivered and groaned, but behaved admirably.

The force of the sea may be guessed from the fact of the sheet-anchor, nearly a ton and a half in weight, being actually lifted on board, to say nothing of the fore-chain-plates board broken, both gangways torn away, quarter-galleries stove in, &c. &c. In short, on getting into port, the vessel was found to be loosened through all her frame, and leaking at every seam. As far as depended on her good qualities, however, I felt assured at the time we were safe, for I had seen enough of the Talbot to be convinced we were in one of the finest sea-boats that ever swam. But what could all the skill of the shipbuilder avail in a situation like ours? With a night full fifteen hours long before us, and knowing that we were fast driving on the land, anxiety and dread were on every face, and every mind felt the terrors of uncertainty and suspense. At length, about twelve o'clock, the dreadful truth was disclosed to us! Judge of my sensations when I saw the surf and the frowning rocks of Arran, scarcely half a mile distant on our lee-bow. To our inexpressible relief, and not less to our surprise, we fairly weathered all, and were congratulating each other on our escape, when on looking forward I imagined I saw breakers at no great distance on our lee; and this suspicion was soon confirmed, when the moon, which shone at intervals, suddenly broke out from behind a cloud, and presented to us a most terrific spectacle. At not more than a quarter of a mile's distance on our lee-beam, appeared a range of tremendous breakers, amongst which it seemed as if every sea would throw us. Their height, it may be guessed, was prodigious, when they could be clearly distinguished from the foaming waters of the surrounding ocean. It was a scene seldom to be witnessed, and never forgotten! "Lord have mercy on us!" was now on the lips of every one—destruction seemed inevitable. Captain Swaine, whose coolness I have never seen surpassed, issued his orders clearly and collectedly when it was proposed as a last resource to drop the anchors, cut away the masts, and trust to the chance of riding out the gale. This scheme was actually determined on, and every thing was in readiness, but happily was deferred until an experiment was tried aloft. In addition to the close-reefed main-topsail and foresail, the fore-topsail and trysail were now set, and the result was almost magical. With a few plunges we cleared not only the reef, but a huge rock upon which I could with ease have tossed a biscuit, and in a few minutes we were inexpressibly rejoiced to observe both far astern.

We had now miraculously escaped all but certain destruction a second time, but much was yet to be feared. We had still to pass Cape Jeller, and the moments dragged on in gloomy apprehension and anxious suspense. The ship carried sail most wonderfully, and we continued to go along at the rate of seven knots, shipping very heavy seas, and labouring much—all with much solicitude looking out for daylight. The dawn at length appeared, and to our great joy we saw the land several miles astern, having passed the Cape and many other hidden dangers during the darkness. Matters on the morning of the 5th assumed a very different aspect from the last two days' experience: the wind gradually subsided, and with it the sea, and a favourable breeze now springing up, we were enabled to make a good offing. I have nothing farther worth mentioning respecting ourselves, than that we anchored here this morning, all safe. Fortunately no accident of consequence occurred, although several of our people were severely bruised by falls. Poor fellows! they certainly suffered enough: not a dry stitch, not a dry hammock, have they had since we sailed. Happily, however, their misfortunes are soon forgot in a dry shirt and a can of grog. Now they are singing as jovially as if they had just returned from a pleasure-cruise.

The most melancholy part of my narrative is still to be told. On coming up to our anchorage here this morning, we observed an unusual degree of curiosity and bustle in the fort; crowds of people were congregated on both sides, running to and fro, examining us through spy-glasses; in short, an extraordinary commotion was apparent. The meaning of all this was but too soon made known to us by a boat coming

alongside, from which we learned that the unfortunate Saldanha had gone to pieces, and every man perished! Our own destruction had likewise been reckoned inevitable from the time of the discovery of the unhappy fate of our consort, five days before-hand; and hence the astonishment excited at our unexpected return. From all that could be learned concerning the dreadful catastrophe, I am inclined to believe that the Saldanha had been driven on the rocks about the time our doom appeared so certain in another quarter. Her lights were seen by the signal-tower at nine o'clock of that fearful Wednesday night, December 4, after which it is supposed she went ashore on the rocks at a small bay called Ballymastaker, almost at the entrance of Lochswilly harbour. Next morning the beach was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and upwards of two hundred of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were found washed ashore. One man—and one only—out of the three hundred, is ascertained to have come ashore alive, but almost in a state of insensibility. Unhappily there was no person present to administer to his wants judiciously, and upon craving something to drink, about half a pint of whisky was given him by the country people, which almost instantly killed him! Poor Pakenham's body was only recognised this morning amidst the others, and, like these, stripped quite naked by the inhuman wretches, who flocked to the wreck as to a blessing! It is even suspected that he came on shore alive, but was stripped and left to perish. Nothing could equal the audacity of the plunderers, although a party of the Lanark militia was doing duty around the wreck. But this is an ungracious and revolting subject, which no one of proper feeling would wish to dwell upon. Still less am I inclined to describe the heartrending scene at Buncrana, where the widows of many of the sufferers are residing. The surgeon's wife, a native of Halifax, has never spoken since the dreadful tidings arrived. Consolation is inadmissible, and no one has yet ventured to offer it.

#### LOUIS LE GRAND.

LOUIS XIV. of France, whose subjects bestowed upon him the title affixed to this paper, was a monarch marked by so many striking points of character, and spent a long life in circumstances altogether so remarkable, that we have resolved to make him the subject of a brief paper. Born in the year 1638, he succeeded his father in his fifth year, and thus may be said to have scarcely ever known any other condition in life than that of a sovereign. His long reign of seventy-two years, during which Britain was governed by no fewer than eight successive potentates, was spent in almost uninterrupted wars, the chief purpose of which was his own aggrandisement; and few periods of equal duration in the history of any country have produced so many men eminent in arms, in arts, and in letters. But the expenses of this monarch impoverished his country; his policy enslaved it; and his own personal qualities, so far from being its honour, are in many respects its disgrace. The grand aim of Louis was to cause himself to be thought something above mortality—a kind of demigod; and in whatever way this end was to be brought about, whether by the extension of his dominions or the cultivation of personal dignity, he was alike indefatigable. As a monarch, he was, or rendered himself, absolute; he had not even ministers, except of a merely subordinate kind. But, on the death of his first wife (a Spanish princess) in 1683, he formed a secret matrimonial connection with Madame Maintenon, a beautiful woman, whose former husband was the celebrated Scarron, the novelist; and this person in time became a kind of prime minister. The Duke de Saint-Simon, in his memoirs, gives the following insight into the qualities and habits of Louis:—

"Though a young man and a king, Louis was not altogether without experience. He had been a constant frequenter of the house of the Countess de Soissons, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the resort of all that was distinguished, both male and female, that the age could produce, and where he first caught that fine air of gallantry and nobleness, which characterised him ever afterwards, and marked even his most trifling actions. For, though the talents of Louis XIV. were in fact rather below mediocrity, he possessed a power of forming his manners and character upon a model, and of adhering to it, which is often more valuable in the conduct of life than the very greatest abilities. By nature he was a lover of order and regularity; he was prudent, moderate, secret, the master both of his actions and his tongue. For these virtues, as they may be called in a king, he was perhaps indebted to his natural constitution; and if education had done as much for him, certainly he would have been a better ruler. He had a passion, however, or rather a foible—that was vanity, or, as it was then called, glory. No flattery was too gross for him—in-

\* Two small islands lying to the north-west of the Isle of Mull. Tiree was formerly celebrated for a marble quarry, and a fine breed of small horses.

cense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested; the man who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence; his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them and could unmake them, and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing among his peculiar intimates, snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm, his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general. Here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger, for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the background, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and his air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions; he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality; he had it in perfection.

If Louis had a talent for any thing, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiae of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than any body else, and they of course received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who, by putting him on the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes.

A circumstance which deserves attention, is the residence of this monarch at a distance from his capital. It was not without its design or its influence in the establishment of the absolute sovereignty which was the favourite project of Louis XIV. From Paris he had been driven in his youth, and the memory of his flight was a bitter subject; there he never considered himself safe, besides being exposed to the observation of spirits of every description. At a court separate from the capital he had his courtiers more immediately under his eye; absences could be easily marked, and cabals crushed in their infancy. Then came the ruinous taste for building, which it was more easy to indulge at Versailles or Marly, than in the immediate neighbourhood of a crowded capital. His changes of residence were chiefly made for the purpose of creating and maintaining a number of artificial distinctions, by which he kept the court in a constant state of anxiety and expectation. It was the fashion to request to accompany him, to desire apartments near him; and according as these boons were granted, so was the courtier humiliated or exalted. When he resided at St Germain, Versailles served this purpose; when at Versailles, Marly; and though at Trianon the whole court were at liberty to present themselves, yet even there a distinction was made, that ladies might there eat with the king; and particular ones were pointed out to receive the honour as each meal arrived. The schemes of this kind were infinite, and kept his court in a state of perpetual excitement and anxiety to please.

The *justaucorps à brevet* was an invention of the same kind; it was a uniform of blue lined and turned up with red, and red waistcoat embroidered with a grand pattern of gold and some silver. A small number only were permitted to wear this dress; it was one of the highest favours, and every means of interest were set on foot to obtain it. They who wore it were alone permitted to accompany the king from St Germain to Versailles without being invited.

One of his perpetual cares was to be well informed of every thing that was passing every where—in places of public resort, in private houses, the facts of ordinary intercourse and the secrets of families. He had spies and reporters every where, and of all classes; some who were ignorant that their information was meant for him, others who knew that it ultimately reached him, a third set who corresponded directly with him, and a fourth were permitted to have secret in-

terviews with him, through back stairs. Information conveyed in this form was the ruin of many a man, who never knew from what quarter the storm came. It was he who first invested the *lieutenant de police* with his dangerous functions, and which went on increasing: these officers were the most formidable persons about the court, and were treated with most decided consideration and attention by every one, even by the ministers themselves. There was not an individual, not excepting the princes of the blood, who had not an interest in preserving their good will, and who did not try to do it. The opening of letters was another of the shameful means of procuring information. Two persons, Pajoute and Roullier, farmed the post, and apparently on this condition, for no efforts could ever succeed in displacing them or in augmenting their rent. This department of espionage was performed with a most extraordinary dexterity and promptitude: generally the heads only of remarkable letters were laid before the king; in other instances the letter itself. A word of contempt for the king or his government was certain ruin; and it is incredible how many persons of all classes were more or less injured by these means. The secrecy with which it was conducted was impenetrable. Neither secrecy, nor yet dissimulation, was at all painful or difficult for the king.

Louis XIV. was the model of a king who should have no state duties to perform, who was required as the head of a court and the hero of addresses, petitions, levees, openings of a parliament, reviews, occasional festivals, and in short all the lighter duties of a constitutional monarch, with one exception, his passion for buildings. In all personal matters he was perfect. There was a grace in all he did, a precision and an elegance in all he said, that rendered an attention from him a distinction. He knew the value of it, and may be said to have sold his words, nay, even his smile, even his looks. He spoke rarely to any one; when he did, it was with majesty, and also with brevity. His slightest notice or preference was measured, or, as it were, proportionably weighed out. No harsh word ever escaped him; if he had occasion to reprimand or reprove, it was always done with an air of kindness, never in anger, and rarely even with stiffness.

He may be said to have been polished to the very limits of nature: no one better marked the distinctions of age, merit, and rank, all which he took care to hit exactly in his manner of salutation, or of receiving the reverences on arrival or departure. His respectful manner to women was charming: he never passed even a chambermaid without raising his hat; and if he accosted a lady, he never replaced his hat till he had quitted her. These are what we call the manners of the old school; he was the perfecter of them, and one of their most successful professors, if not in some measure their creator.

The perfect command of his person was in part the consequence of his excellence in all athletic sports and exercises. He loved the air, and was constantly out in it, either shooting (he was the best shot in France) or hunting. After he broke his arm, he used to follow the stag at Fontainebleau in a calash drawn by four ponies, which he managed at full gallop with admirable skill. He excelled also in dancing, a species of golf, and at racket; and up to a late period of his life was an admirable horseman. Connected with his fondness for shooting was his attachment to dogs, of which he used to keep seven or eight in his apartments, and feed them himself.

He had a natural turn for magnificence and splendour, and certainly it was scarcely possible for man to carry it farther, and, like every other taste, it was extensively imitated, spread all over court, camp, and city, and reduced the nobility to poverty and difficulties; a result which he foresaw, and calculated on, to second his own purposes of subjugating the grand seigneurs of his dominions.

It was the system of Madame de Maintenon and the ministers, for a series of thirty-four years, to render the king inapproachable in private. As he passed from council to mass, through galleries and antechambers, the courtiers had the privilege, whoever could catch it, of speaking to him, or whispering in his peruke any matter they might have at heart; his usual answer was a gracious *je verrai* (I will see); and if the conversation was attempted to be continued, the king, arriving at the door of his apartment, left the unhappy courtier to his reflections. By such contrivances as these, and a thousand others, the king was cut off from free communication with the world or his court, and with all his notions of despotic sway, was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a cabal—his mistress, his ministers, and his confessor, who took care to play into each other's hands. The different ministers transacted business with the king in the apartment of La Maintenon, where she sat at work, apparently taking no notice of the conversation which passed. Sometimes the king would turn round and ask her opinion, which she always gave timidly and modestly, generally coinciding with the minister: the fact all the time being, that the minister and she had previously settled the points in agitation. If, for instance, the matter in hand was a list of candidates for a particular employment, the minister went over the names, until he came to the one Madame de Maintenon had previously consented to, and after balancing the merits of the various competitors, at last summed up in favour

of the name he had stopped at. If the king preferred another, and was obstinate, he was led away from the subject; other things were started, and the appointment was brought upon the carpet at another interview, when in all probability the humour had shifted. If the minister rebelled against the female sway, he was lost; but if, on the other hand, he was adroit and obedient, Madame de Maintenon took care of his reward.

To a woman of de Maintenon's ambition, the declaration of her marriage must necessarily have been an object near to her heart. On two several occasions she had so far succeeded with the king that he was on the point of acknowledging her, and twice he was prevented; first, by the ardent solicitation of Louvois, and the second time, by the advice of Bossuet and Fenelon. Louvois was poisoned, and Fenelon disgraced. The Bishop of Meaux's authority with the king, the weight of his eloquence and character, and, more than all, the need of his services, prevented him from sharing the fate of the Archbishop of Cambray.

The deathbed of this extraordinary man was as fine a piece of acting as any other in his life; if any thing could have gone deeper than the external surface of form and etiquette, assuredly it would have been the last agony. But Louis died as he had lived, with all the grace and decorum he loved in his brightest moments. His several addresses to his different friends and attendants, and lastly to his heir, were distinguished by that neatness and propriety for which he was famous: in fact, so studied and so perfect is the whole scene, as described in the faithful pages of Saint-Simon, that it produces the effect of a well-acted play, and may almost be said to be affecting. If the combined efforts of a nation of courtiers could ever raise a man out of humanity, it was done in the case of Louis le Grand: yet here he is, a dying god, on his bed, discovering, as the film comes across his physical sight, and at the same time drops from his intellectual vision, that his apotheosis has been a mistake. His only regret was that he had neglected the interests of his subjects. His advice to the little dauphin (his great-grandson), not to build, not to make war, but to study the interests of his people, was as much as to say, 'take the precisely opposite course which I myself have followed.'

He was long in dying; when he appeared at the worst, the courtiers deserted his apartments, and flocked about the Duke of Orleans, his successor as regent; when he rallied somewhat, the reaction was sudden and complete, and the duke was left for a whole day without a visit from a single individual."

Perhaps no man who ever sat upon a throne possessed greater power of doing good than Louis, yet no one with these advantages ever did greater mischief. His payment of bribes, or rather a sort of annual salary, to Charles II. of England, gave him no permanent power over this country; while in his warlike views he was completely set at naught by Marlborough. His revocation of the edict of Nantes, which stamps everlasting infamy on his reign, led to the unforeseen result of making England the place of refuge of thousands of Protestants, the most industrious among his subjects, and whose knowledge of certain manufactures tended alike to enrich their adopted country, and impoverish that which they had left. While the example which he ostentatiously set of the wildest profligacy, had the effect of sapping the morals of his people, his extravagance in building palaces and laying out of pleasure grounds, in his mode of living, and in his continual wars, exhausted the national resources, and laid the foundation of that misery and discontent which broke out in the revolution of 1789. Till the present hour, France has not recovered from the deplorable prostration of morals and pecuniary exhaustion produced through his efforts. Such was Louis le Grand, one of the greatest and one of the worst monarchs of whom modern history gives us a description.

#### TIME.

[From the Italian Exile in England.]

IDLENESS is the luxury of the Spaniards, and a great luxury it is, for it is all waste. It is a universal luxury, which is enjoyed by all, from the highest grandee to the most miserable water-carrier. The luxury, however, consists in the spending of an article of little or no value in Spain. The Castilian, who keeps so religiously to his word when his honour is in question, is never punctual to an appointment; because an hour more or less in the life of a Spaniard, is only an hour less or more in eternity. If you propose to a Spaniard to set his hand to a thing at once, he answers you, however he may be interested in it, "To-morrow." Fatal to-morrow, which is repeated so often from day to day, till your patience is worn out! Fatal to-morrow, that has reduced the kingdom, once seated on a throne of gold, and crowned with precious stones, to rags and a dunghill! The very mantle in which the Spaniards wrap themselves up, and which impedes every motion but that of sleeping, displays their indolence, and the little value they set on time, as the laziness of the Turks is shown by their wide trousers and loose slippers. When the Spaniards are better taught, more industrious, and less prejudiced, they will wear the mantle no longer. Superstition is usually the companion of sloth. An active people cannot afford to pray away whole days at church, or throw them away on processions and pilgrimages. An in-



dustrious people prefer growing their "daily bread" with their own hands, to asking it thirty or forty times a-day as alms from heaven. When I was first in Spain, I was surprised to see that none of the lower classes, and but few of the more respectable, had watches; yet it is natural that it should be so. What has he who has no occasion for the division of time, to do with the measure of it? Their noon is the same as that of the horses and dogs, the emptiness of their bellies; the siesta is perhaps the business of the greatest importance they have to do during the whole day. It is esteemed such an indispensable necessary of life, that a poet, I think the tender Garcilaso de la Vega, singing the delights of the Aranjuez, tells us that the nymphs of the Tagus, at a certain hour of the day, give themselves up to the siesta.

The journey from Madrid to Seville, which is not accomplished by a galley in less than sixteen days, would be got over in England in two. But what of that? In these sixteen days the Spaniard would not have produced a skein of thread. For this reason, in Spain, and in all countries where indolence is in vogue, there are no machines for the abridgement of labour. Four years ago, the coaches of the king of Spain were in the same state as when coaches were first invented. In some provinces the carts have wheels which do not turn on their axle-trees but *with* them, making all the while an infernal creaking. The Spanish people, formerly so great, and who might yet be so, are rendered by despotism like the inhabitants of the Castle of Indolence, described in Thomson's poem, who, deceived by the perfidy of a tyrannical magician, slumbered on in the delusion that they were living in a terrestrial paradise, while they were in reality surrounded on all sides by desert wastes, and fetid marshes, and eaten up with wretchedness and misery.

On the contrary, in England time is a revenue, a treasure, an estimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time: they eat the letters and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say, "The English gain two hours a-day more than we do, by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time; their salute is a nod, or, at the utmost, a corrosion of the four monosyllables "How d'ye do?" The ends of their letters always show more simplicity than ceremony: the have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious lordship," whose "most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants" they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one; the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of short hand. The English talk little, I suppose, that they may not lose time; it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time, should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth eighty pounds sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for every thing to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.

In England there is no bargaining. The price of every article is fixed. This custom is not the product solely of competition and confidence, but also of the necessity of saving time. Thus a child may go to buy without being cheated! How otherwise could the shopkeepers manage on market-days, when, from noonday till nine or ten at night, their shops are crowded with customers?

The greatest traffic in England, that is, that of the public funds at the Stock Exchange, is founded altogether on good faith. A broker effects sales of thousands and tens of thousands by means of a few figures in a little book he carries in his pocket. Without this laconism, or saving of time, how could it be possible to effect in a few hours so many transfers of the funds, and so many insurances? Insurances to the amount of ten million pounds sterling may be procured at Lloyd's coffeehouse in a single quarter of an hour.

Why does no one travel on foot in England? Why do the meanest workmen travel with four horses, in the style of the proudest nobility on the Continent? Because the stage-coaches save time.

The infinite number of machines, which, in manufactures, multiply a hundredfold the work of man, may be estimated according to the saving of time they occasion. When it is said that the cotton-spinning machine does the work of two hundred spinners, it is the same as saying, that it does in one day the work of a spinner for two hundred. These machines have been imitated, or have been made known by means of drawings, on the Continent; but how many others remain unknown, which, in the farms, in the exports, in the warehouses, and in the shops, are employed by the English to save time and trouble!

The Englishman does not expect to make his fortune either by the lottery or by miracle. Luther has deprived him of the latter resource, and the govern-

ment of the former, having recently suppressed it. Hence he places his hopes and confidence in nothing but time; his wish is not that of Midas, to become possessed of mountains of gold at a stroke, but for an opportunity to work, and make money. Double an Englishman's time, and you double his riches.

#### STEEPLE-CHASING.

UPON the subject of steeple-chasing—a boisterous amusement recently come into vogue among the idle of the upper and lower classes—the Court Journal, a London publication, has the following excellent observations, in a recent number:—

"We are no friends to steeple-chasing. We can scarcely help classing it in the same category with bag-racing, bull-baiting, goose-riding, and the rest of those charming exploits. How any man can prevail upon himself to furnish amusement to a bevy of grinning clodpoles, by floundering in a brook or turning somersets over ultra-raspers of hedges, is a singular stopper to us. 'Love me, love my horse,' has long been one of our most cherished maxims, and, with this claim upon the sympathies of our biped friends, we of course feel bound to support, with a double allowance of affection, the quadruped portion of our 'little circle.' We are no sticklers for mawkish sensibility, we belong to no society for prevention of cruelty to animals, not even the ladies', but we are decided enemies of any needless exposition of that noble animal, the horse, to pain and peril.

Some of the objections that lie against steeple-chasing may be urged against hunting. True; but that has none of the redeeming qualities of the latter. There is no nobleness, no generosity about it. Steeple-races are ridden for money. In the chase, nothing but a manly emulation is the mover. In steeple-racing a man feels all nervousness—in hunting, all nerve. A steeple-chase seldom 'comes off' without most of the riders coming off too; and if the riders fare badly, the poor titts fare a good deal worse. In a fox-chase (remember three or four hundred of these take place for one steeple-race, and in each the riders are in a majority of from ten to twenty to one) an accident seldom happens to man or horse, that is remembered beyond the field it occurred in. The chief causes of the numerous disasters that take place in steeple-chasing are, the pace at which they are commonly run throughout, and the succession of trying jumps that occur in the course of them. In hunting, a horse, familiar with every object around him, is put gradually to his speed as the hounds settle to their scent; if a rasper occur in his line, his rider judiciously holds him back while yet at a distance from it, that he may get wind to carry him well over—and for one rasper that offers, in an ordinary country, there are half-a-dozen jumps that may be taken in stride. In the steeple-race, a horse, after having been in the trainer's hands for some time, is suddenly brought into a field where all is new to him—for we must suppose a horse to be an arrant fool who does not perceive the difference between a hunting meet and the mob of a steeple-chase. Suddenly, without rhyme or reason, he is started off at score, with some half-dozen or dozen others, with nothing before him but a series of bull-fences, ox-fences, brook-rivers, and what not; the enlivening career of the hounds, and their familiar and inspiring cry, are unseen and unheard. Racing pace is the order of the day, and to wait is to forfeit all chance of a place; for, by dint of tumbling, and scrambling, and splashing, and diving, the fast ones will get on. The horses, pumped dry before the race is half finished, fall one after another at their jumps, or (as is not unfrequently the case) are seen floundering all together in some impracticable stream.

And this is the sport that many have classed as the twin-brother of fox-hunting. Alas! that the noble sport should ever have such a libel pronounced upon it! That the gallant animal that has carried his master scatheless through flood and field in the chase should at last be resigned to the hands of the mercenary, to get staked and soused for the amusement of a gang of grinning clodpoles! Some may take exception to this last phrase as being too strong for the occasion. We don't like to mince matters; it is only strong in its truth. We repeat, there is a decided mercenaryness in this sport; for if the object were only to test the relative capacities of horses, the chase affords every facility for its accomplishment.

For facts, let us look back to a few of the steeple-races that have taken place during the present season. At the Aylesbury affair (every thing is an 'affair' now, from a battle down to a donkey-race), every rider got one or more falls, and a souse in the river, out of which some were obliged to be dragged; and Lord Waterford's horse *Lancet* died soon after, from the injuries he received in the race. At the Waltham Abbey contest, for which ten started, all but two got ugly falls, and all (or nearly all) a regular flounder in the brook—much to the edification of the Cocknies and chaw-bacons around. At the Boxley Hill match, out of three that started, two met with bad falls. And at the St Alban's race last week, four or five horses came down; one (Grimaldi) ricked himself so

seriously as to be immediately put out of the race, and the Poet was so badly staked that he was obliged to be killed.

We think we need not say, after this, that we feel ourselves justified in giving our vote against steeple-chasing; and that it is with feelings of real regret we observe the revival of a sport that has neither the generosity of hunting, nor the utility of racing, to recommend it."

#### THE POOR PASSENGER.

WHEN the William Tell had been a day at sea, on her way from London to the port of Leith, Jack, the cabin-boy, who was the captain's nephew, a tight little fellow, full of fun and frolic, came up to the place where the captain was standing on deck, and giving his trousers a hitch, while his roguish eye betokened that something was in the wind, he said, "Why, sir, the queerest thing has happened that ever I knew." "Well, Jack, what is it, lad; I guess, by the squint of your eye, that it is some mischief of your own hatching." "Why, sir," replied Jack, "mayhap you'll not be very well pleased to hear that there's a passenger on board who has not paid for his berth, and I guess never will. Nobody knows any thing about him; he has never a bit of luggage, nor a stiver in his pocket, to pay his passage or his mess; and yet," added Jack, "he helps himself to the best of every thing, without so much as saying thank ye." "The accursed!" exclaimed the captain, quite incensed at the impudence of his passenger; "I suppose he thinks to diddle me out of my fare; I've a good mind to chuck him overboard. Where is he?" "I don't know where he is just now," replied Jack; "but he was all last night in the ladies' cabin." "In the ladies' cabin!" cried the captain, growing as red with rage as a turkey cock; "why did Mrs Wilson, the stewardess, not tell me of this? did the ladies not complain?" "Why, sir," responded Jack, "the old ladies did not seem to mind him much, and the young ones seemed mightily taken with him. I saw a pretty lass sharing her breakfast with him this morning, as cheery as possible." "I'll have the fellow ducked," cried the captain; "bring him up, Jack, and let us see what kind of a rascal he is." "He is decently enough dressed," answered Jack, "in a long-tailed brown coat and a scarlet vest; but he has never a stocking or shoe to his foot, or a hat to his head." At this moment the steward came upon deck, and was immediately hailed by the captain—"I say, steward, where is this fellow who has not paid for his passage? Jack tells me he eats along with the other passengers; and what is more, that he slept all night in the ladies' cabin." "There is no such person that I know of," replied the steward; "Jack must be groggy to spin such a yarn." "I tell you," said Jack, "I saw him as plain as a marlin-spike; and what is more, I heard you speak to him myself." "Why," said the captain to the steward, "if you have seen him, you must have noticed him; for by Jack's account he is a queer concern: he is barelegged, bareheaded, barefaced, and dressed in a brown coat and red waistcoat." "I'll engage, sir," replied the steward, "that I've never seen such a chap on board." Just then Mrs Wilson made her appearance. "What is this I hear, stewardess?" said the captain, angrily; "Jack tells me that there was a saucy fellow all last night in the ladies' cabin; that he has not paid for his passage; and that he has had the best of every thing." "I wonder you aren't ashamed to trump up such a story, Jack," replied the stewardess; "I know what's proper as well as any one, and the ladies would not suffer such a thing any more than myself. I'll take my oath that there was no such person in the cabin." "Oh fy, Mrs Wilson," said Jack, "when I heard you say myself, what a beautiful vest he had got." "Well, captain," said the stewardess, "I've just to say, that if this little jackanapes is to be allowed to take away honest people's characters, you must look for another stewardess; for this is the last time I'll set foot in the William Tell." "Sirrah," said the captain to Jack, "if I find you've been bouncing, you may make yourself sure of a round dozen at least." "If I have said any thing but the truth," replied Jack, "I may send me to the mast-head in a north-wester." The warmth and loudness of this discussion had by this time attracted many of the passengers on deck. Four elderly ladies most indignantly denied having seen Jack's friend, and fumed at the idea of their permitting such a breach of decorum; two young ladies corroborated their testimony, and the captain had just snatched up a rope to inflict the punishment Jack seemed so richly to deserve, when the culprit exclaimed, "Stop, stop, there he comes," as a pretty girl with a robin redbreast ascended the cabin stairs, and joined the party on deck. "Now," exclaimed Jack, triumphantly, "did I say a word that was not true? Don't you see his bare legs and red vest, and his brown coat, without even a pocket in it to hold a stiver to pay his passage?" "You young rascal," said the captain, "I've a mind to give you a sound flogging for raising all this boisterousness!" but in spite of his wrath, he was forced to join in the hearty laugh which Jack's roguery occasioned. Robin not seeming to concern himself about the combustion he had raised, flew chirping about the deck, now on the rigging, now on the mast, whistling away in the greatest glee, and seemingly quite delighted with his new home in the William Tell.

## Column for Young Men.

ONE of the many things which young people are never taught under any circumstances in this country, is the art of conducting themselves properly at public meetings. A young man rises from boyhood, and finds himself, without any preliminary information on the subject, called upon to take a part in deliberations of a public nature; and it is only after years of painful experience that he attains a knowledge of the forms which regulate society in this, one of its most important functions.

The right of meeting together publicly to discuss matters connected with our social condition, being an invaluable prerogative, it is certainly right and fitting that all young men entering into the busy scenes of life should make themselves well acquainted with the rules which have been established by general consent for the proper conducting of such assemblages. We shall endeavour to point out a few of the chief points to be attended to.

According to usage, a public meeting is not constituted until a person be appointed to preside, or to "take the chair." Without this ceremony, the meeting is a tumultuary assembly, or a mob. The first movement is therefore the appointment of a chairman. This functionary, on taking his seat, is for the time supreme in the meeting. His chief duty is the preservation of order. He allows only one to speak at a time, giving the preference to him who has first caught his eye in the act of rising, and giving every speaker a fair hearing. Another of his chief duties is the preventing of speakers from wandering from the subject under discussion; and if they do, he must remind them to keep to the point. In the execution of these and other duties, he claims the support of the meeting, and all are bound to yield to his reasonable dictates, and help to maintain his authority. In proportion to the firmness, yet mildness of manner, of the chairman, so is the meeting well or ill conducted.

At some public meetings there is no set plan of operations, and a general discussion on the subjects which are brought forward takes place; but at all meetings for specific important objects, there is a previous arrangement among a certain number of individuals to bring forward particular points to be spoken upon. In this case speakers are prepared, and the business assumes the form of the proposal and carrying of a set of resolutions, or motions. The following is the routine of procedure: The chairman having stated the object for which the meeting has been called, an individual steps forward and proposes a resolution for the adoption of the meeting. Whether he enforces the propriety of carrying such a resolution by a speech on its merits, or simply propounds the matter, he must be seconded by another individual (with or without a speech), otherwise the meeting cannot entertain his resolution for a moment. If duly seconded, then the motion is fairly tabled: it is before the meeting. After a resolution is proposed and seconded, it is the duty of the chairman to ask the meeting if it be carried or not; if agreed to by a general acclamation, or by an obvious majority, he pronounces the word "carried," which settles the point, and the business proceeds by the bringing forward of the other resolutions in the same manner. It is unusual for any member of a meeting to oppose the passing of a resolution, unless he have a better to offer in its stead. If he have, and if he wishes "to take the sense of the meeting" on the subject, he has a right to be heard. Yet this can only be permitted, provided the meeting has been called in general terms. For instance, if the inhabitants of a town or district generally be called, in order to consider of the propriety of such and such measures, in that case every one is entitled to give his opinion, and to oppose the formal resolutions brought forward. But if the meeting be described by advertisement to consist of those inhabitants or others only who agree in the propriety of such and such measures, then no one is entitled to intrude himself on the deliberations who professes opinions contrary to the spirit and end of the meeting. An inattention to this exceedingly delicate point often creates serious heartburnings and disturbances; and, on that account, committees who call public meetings ought to be very particular in the terms of their announcements.

As much regularity is necessary in respect of opposition to motions as in their proposal and carrying. The counter motion of an opponent is called an amendment, which, to be available, must also be seconded. If not seconded, it drops, but the opposer may place his protest on record; that is to say, if the discussion be in a corporation or other meeting, where books of the minutes or transactions are kept. On being seconded and discussed by those who wish to speak upon the subject, the matter is brought to the vote by the chairman, but not until both the mover and amender have replied, if they please to do so. After they have spoken, not another word can be uttered, and the vote is taken, a majority carrying. If the votes be equal in number, the casting vote of

the chairman carries. There is another way of suppressing a resolution, which is by "moving the previous question." This signifies, to return to the point at which the business of the meeting stood previous to the tabling of the motion; or means, in other words, to do nothing on the subject. But this must also be seconded, and put to the vote in opposition either to the motion or amendment, or to both. The routine is generally to place it in opposition to both; if carried, the matter is settled; if not carried, the order is next to place the motion and amendment against each other, and vote.

Such is an outline of the mode of procedure at public meetings, and it is particularly desirable that attention should be shown to the preservation of regularity. At all public meetings there is a strong tendency "to go out of order." By this expression it is meant that speakers are under a constant liability to wander from the point under discussion. They are apt to digress into other subjects, and confuse their auditors; and these getting impatient, are equally apt to interrupt them, so that a single irrelevant observation may lead to hours of idle debate or colloquy, or "speaking to order," as it is termed, and thus the harmony of the assembly be destroyed. Those who attend such meetings should therefore have a regard for the following regulations:—If they speak, they should keep closely to the subject in hand. If they be listeners, they should preserve a strict silence. It is ungentlemanly, not to say disorderly, to utter any sound or make any observation on what a speaker is saying. The speaker must on no account be interrupted, so long as he keeps to order; and if not in order, it is the chairman's duty to check him. It is likewise disorderly to speak more than once, except in replying before the vote is put, or except it be the rule of the assembly to permit it. Sometimes persons who have spoken rise again to speak as to "a matter of form." This is allowable; but in speaking as to form, the merits of the case should not be introduced. On this, however, as on every other point, there is a perpetual tendency to go out of order, and hence the absolute necessity for appointing a chairman well acquainted with the forms of public deliberation, and who has the strength of mind to insist on order being preserved.

At all our public assemblages, a certain degree of courtesy is used both among speakers and listeners. On an individual rising to speak, he addresses himself politely to the chairman, and the chairman in return politely mentions the name of the speaker; by which means the audience are made acquainted with the gentleman who is about to address them. When the discussions of the meeting are over, the chairman closes the business with a few observations, and then dissolves the assembly by leaving the chair. When any dispute arises in the course of the business of the meeting upon points of form, it is customary to appeal to the usages of the House of Commons for an example to be followed.

**WONDERFUL TREE.**—That extraordinary production of the arboreal kingdom, the *palo di vaca*, or "milk-bearing cow tree," which flourishes in Para in South America, is among the loftiest of the forest—growing to the height of one hundred feet and upwards. It bears a delicious edible fruit, which has the united flavour of strawberries mixed with cream; and its trunk yields as fine bowls of milk as those from a cow. "It seems rather startling," says Mr Webster, in his voyage to the Southern Atlantic, "to talk of a tree yielding milk, but such is the fact, and it is drunk by the people in large quantities, and was used by us at the gunroom table for mixing with tea, in lieu of cow's milk, from which it is nowise distinguishable in general use. The milk is a rich, white, bland fluid, without odour, and of the taste and flavour of common milk. It mixes readily with tea or coffee, without curdling or undergoing any change, and in every respect seems like cow's milk. Boiling water does not alter it. It keeps unaltered six or seven days in the temperature of eighty-five degrees. It appears to differ from all the known milky juices of plants, and to approach in obvious properties to animal milk, from which it differs widely in chemical composition. There is no cream or caseous (cheesy) matter in it. I kept a bottle of the milk until our arrival at Trinidad—eight weeks after my procuring it—when it was sent to the Admiralty. Some, which I had myself, had then separated into a sourish milky water and a white solid mass, which, when taken out and dried in the air, was a white inflammable substance, not softening at the temperature of the body, melting at one hundred and forty-four degrees, tasteless, insoluble in water or spirits, and resembling white wax more than any other substance I could compare it to. It burnt with a bright agreeable flame, without smell, and was neither greasy nor resinous; I am therefore inclined to consider it as a species of wax." To complete the marvel of this tree, we must mention that it affords the most valuable timber for ship-building, and that it is so used in the dockyard at Para.

**A SIGNIFICANT REPLY.**—"Thomas," said a sponging friend of the family to a footman, who had been lingering about the room for half an hour to show him to the door, "Thomas, my good fellow, it's getting late, isn't it? How soon will the dinner come up, Thomas?" "The very moment you are gone, sir," was the unequivocal reply.

**UNCOLLECTED TABLE-TALK, BY CHARLES LAMB.**—Where would a man of taste choose his town residence, setting convenience out of the question? Palace Yard—for its contiguity to the Abbey, the Courts of Justice, the Sittings of Parliament, Whitehall, the Parks, &c.—I hold, of all places in these two great cities of London and Westminster, to be the most classical and eligible. Next in classicality, I should name the four Inns of Court: they breathe a learned and collegiate air; and of them chiefly,

those brick towers  
The which on Thames' broad aged back doth ride,  
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers;  
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
Till they decayed through pride—

as Spenser describes evidently with a relish. I think he had Garden Court in his eye. The noble hall which stands there must have been built about that time. Next to the Inns of Court, Covent Garden, for its *rus in urbe*, its wholesome scents of early fruits and vegetables, its tasteful church and arcades—above all, the neighbouring theatres, cannot but be approved of. I do not know a fourth station comparable to or worthy to be named after these. To an antiquarian, every spot in London, or even Southwark, teems with historical associations, local interest. He could not choose amiss. But to me, who have no such qualifying knowledge, the Surrey side of the water is peculiarly distasteful. It is impossible to connect anything interesting with it. I never knew a man of taste to live, what they term, *over the bridge*. Observe, in this place I speak solely of chosen and voluntary residence.

**SWALLOWS.**—The swallows of Sweden, at the approach of winter, plunge into the lakes, and remain there asleep, and buried under the ice, till the return of spring. Then, awakened by the returning heat, they leave the water, and resume their usual flight. While the lakes are frozen, if the ice be broken in certain places which appear darker than others, the swallows are found in great quantities, cold, asleep, and half dead. If they are taken out, and warmed by the hands or before a fire, they soon begin to exhibit signs of life; they stretch themselves out, shake themselves, and soon fly away. In other places they retire into the caves, or under the rocks. Between the town of Caen and the sea, along the banks of the Orne, there are many of these caverns, where, during the winter, clusters of swallows have been found suspended like bunches of grapes from the roof of the cavern.—*From a newspaper.*—[The plunging of swallows into lakes is doubted, if not denied, by naturalists.]

**COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES.**—It is a curious fact that the most carnivorous quadrupeds are more averse from devouring women than men. The bears of Kamchatka follow the women when gathering wild fruits into the woods, and though most rapacious animals, seldom do farther harm than robbing them of their fruit.

## KEY TO A GARLAND OF FLOWERS IN No. 140.

- |                      |                              |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Life of spring    | 23. Pink                     |
| 2. Daisy             | 24. Venus's looking-glass    |
| 3. Marigold          | 25. Marvel of Peru           |
| 4. Hollyhock         | 26. Lily of the valley       |
| 5. Rosemary          | 27. Violet                   |
| 6. Canterbury bell   | 28. Pheasant's eye           |
| 7. Sweet William     | 29. Turk's cap               |
| 8. Honeysuckle       | 30. London pride             |
| 9. Star of Bethlehem | 31. Dwarf stock              |
| 10. Catchfly         | 32. Cowslip                  |
| 11. Tulip            | 33. Jonquill                 |
| 12. Cockscomb        | 34. Lupin                    |
| 13. Stock            | 35. Winter stocks            |
| 14. Lily             | 36. Scarlet lychness         |
| 15. Columbine        | 37. Prince of Wales feathers |
| 16. Dog's cap        | 38. Tuberoses                |
| 17. Thyme            | 39. Sweet sultan             |
| 18. Globe thistle    | 40. Rocket                   |
| 19. Poppy            | 41. Passion flower           |
| 20. Thrift           | 42. Hops                     |
| 21. Larkspur         | 43. Sweet lip.               |
| 22. Catherine wheel  |                              |

It is again respectfully stated that no communications in prose or verse are wanted. Notwithstanding this repeated announcement, the Editors continue to receive pieces unsuitable for their purpose, and for the safety or return of which they cannot hold themselves responsible. No letters are received which are not transmitted free of postage; and no answers to correspondents of any description are inserted in the Journal, as it is considered that its pages may at all times be better occupied with information of a more interesting nature to general readers. All inquiries relative to subjects mentioned in the Journal should be left in writing at 19, Waterloo Place, and answers, as far as possible, will be given, if called for, on the following day; but no inquiries will be attended to if of a frivolous nature, or for the purpose of settling bets. In some instances in which the Editors have sent letters to persons at a distance in answer to inquiries which they have made, the letters have been returned by the Post Office, marked "refused," a circumstance which discourages them from entering into a correspondence of this nature with individuals with whom they are unacquainted.

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